

Title: a book

Author: Vincent

My name is Radicchio. and
I am the chef for this
town.

Eeveryday I get the
opportunity to master my
culinarey delights; if
someone doesn't like it,
they get what's coming
to them. Knifes aren't
just for cutting dinner
you know, they are for
dealing with whiney
complainers. That's why I
need more cheese around
here, they need some
cheese with their whine -
and some poison in their
palette.

This one merchant back in
my home town called the
guards on me when i
slamed a rolling pin over
his head, and I had to
spend a few nights in the
Yew Jail! Well, I was
pretty mad at the time,
but that's when i got to
meet Vincent. He was
escaping that night, and
he thought I would be a
prefect fall guy! Well, I
sucked up my pride and
went with him, however
when we were caught I
took out three guards
with a small knife I found
on the table.

Well, its an
understatement to say
Vincent was impressed
with my skills as a
warrior, and intrigued
with my passion of the
culinary arts. He no
longer wanted me for
fodder, but took me as

brethren. We left the jails through the back, then headed for the Yew Moongate in the thick of the night while the fog rolled in from the north. We reached it by morning, and that's when he brought me here.

I think it was seven... or maybe eight men, that died the first month. They mistakenly took me for a servant or prisoner of Vincent's and badmouthed me over my cooking. That afternoon I went into the swamps, and got enough nightshade, and made a special blend of some Apple Pie. I gave it to them as to "make amends" for which they laughed yet scarfed it down. The room wasn't laughing as I dragged several dad men out to the swamps.

I remember to this day their look on their face, the way they turned to Vincent, and he just smiled and said, "My compliments to the chef" Today I saw an Evil mage, just like the one from where I used to live come in. Vincent and the mage sat at the table, looking for some stone device. I went to ask what it was, and Vincent was proud to show me a magic door -apparently it is some sort of home security device that works by vocal passwords. However, the issue was that the mage needed to rest some password that turns on the device, and wanted Vincent to decide. Well, Vincent didn't know, he was all sorts of angry that he could not pick all ten words himself, so he would settle for eight.

Since we were all men, I suggested some lady we could all agree one and never forget. A The mage loved the idea, and told Vincent about his old flame that he works with. Less than a minute, the door was fixed, Vincent was off, and the Mage left with more money I could ever imagine to see.